My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people. Proverbs 14:34

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrims' pride, From every mountain-side Let freedom ring!
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
ho-ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

TEXT: Samuel F. Smith
MUSIC: Theaurus Musicus, c. 1745

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